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No. 280

“IN 1999”

A Problem Play of the Future

BY

WILLIAM C. de MILLE

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THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce.

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THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs.

Price, 30 Cents.

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"IN 1999."

COSTUMES.

JEAN.—*Handsome evening gown. Outer wrap.*

ROLLO.—*Evening clothes.*

FLORENCE.—*Dashing evening gown. Outer wrap.*
Dashing head dress. Large jet ear-rings. Jewels.

LIGHTS.

No changes.—Full white and amber.

HAND PROPS.

1. (2) Cigarette cases.
2. Work-basket, (with usual fittings)
3. Sewing (child's under-garment)
4. Ash-tray and match-safe combined.
5. Bell (door off stage)
6. Threaded needle.
7. Thimble.
8. Spool of cotton.
9. Strawberry emery.
10. Pin cushion.
11. Cap—(hanging up stage for Rollo)
12. Wrist watch—(For Rollo)

CURTAIN MUSIC:—“In The Sweet Bye and
bye.”

CHARACTERS.

JEAN.....*A New York woman*
ROLLO.....*Her husband*
FLORENCE.....*Their friend*

SCENE:—JEAN'S *apartment in New York.*

TIME:—*Early evening, October, 1999 A. D.*

“IN 1999.”

SCENE:—A handsomely furnished apartment. Door to bedroom R. 3. Door to hall L. I. Sofa up L. C. Hat rack back L. C., with ROLLO'S cap hanging on it. Small table R. C., with easy chairs R. and L. of it; ash tray—match safe and sewing basket, (filled with the usual fittings), on table. Other furniture as desired, hangings, etc.

DISCOVERED:—At rise ROLLO is discovered seated in an easy chair L. of table. He is a man of about thirty, dressed in evening clothes, with large bows on his patent leather pumps. He has been sewing. He is folding up a small garment, presumably for a child. Takes another, in the process of making, from the basket. Business of using emery, putting on thimble, knotting thread. Sews quietly.

JEAN. (from inside room R. 3) Rollo!

ROLLO. (sweetly) Yes, dear.

JEAN. What time is it?

ROLLO. (looking at watch on wrist) Quarter of eight, dear. (pause, during which ROLLO sews quietly on)

JEAN. (crossly) Rollo!

ROLLO. (sweetly patient) Yes, dear.

JEAN. Did you sew that button on my coat?

ROLLO. (pained, but still sweetly patient) Of

course, dear. (*pause; ROLLO continues to sew quietly*)

JEAN. Rollo!

ROLLO. (*more than ever patient*) Yes, dear.

JEAN. (*crossly*) Where's my cigarette case?

ROLLO. Under the bed, dear—(*a growl from the bed-room*) The baby was playing with it—and I didn't like to ask Patrick to look for it—He's so touchy this week and the housework has been heavy—

(JEAN emerges from the room R. 3. She is a small woman of thirty-two, in evening dress; wrap over arm.)

JEAN. (*above table*) Housework heavy, eh? Well what the devil do I pay that boy Patrick for? (*crosses to sofa. Throws wrap on it.*)

ROLLO. It's very hard to get anyone for domestic service. Jean, the boys all prefer the department stores.

JEAN. (*crossing above R. C. table*) They're getting too damned independent—

(ROLLO shocked at "damned.")

ROLLO. You must have had a hard day down town, dear.

JEAN. Yes—business is rotten—(*lighting a cigarette*) I'm getting tired of waiting for that wave of prosperity. Ha—last year everyone said—"Wait for 1999, the Tariff will reduce the price of food."

ROLLO. Yes, and the cost of living will go down—

JEAN. Well, 1999 is almost over and we're still waiting.

ROLLO. Don't be discouraged, dear, I'm sure times will be better—and I've been economizing—(*show-*

ing the garment he has been sewing) See, I've almost finished little Rollo's—

JEAN. (*her face softening*) Yes—Rollo's getting to be quite a big boy now, isn't he? let's see—how old is he?

ROLLO. Eleven months—

JEAN. So he is—so he is— But I'll be late—
(crossing to sofa)

ROLLO. You're going out?

JEAN. Yes—some of the girls at the club—

ROLLO. (*hurt*) Oh—you promised to take me to see Bernhardt in Ophelia—

JEAN. Did I? (*he nods*) Well, I'm sorry dear—but a matter of business came up and—anyhow Bernhardt's getting old—

ROLLO. Yes—but—this is her farewell performance—and—

JEAN. Now, for Heaven's sake, Rollo, don't worry about it—I say I can't take you—and that's all there is to it.

ROLLO. You never spend an evening at home any more— It's been weeks since we've had a cozy chat together.

JEAN. That's the New York life—I can't help it—a woman's got to see other women— She has to keep in touch with the world—and the club is the place where—

ROLLO. (*bitterly. JEAN turns away, bored and annoyed, after first words*) The club—always the club—and what about me—(*pounds chest*) Your husband—I have no club to go to—I sit here—night after night waiting for you to come home— (*anguished tones—turning away*) If you do come home—waiting—trying to pretend I'm not lonely—but I am—I am lonely, Jean, lonely and unhappy. (*sinks, crushed, in chair; breaks down and hides face in hands*)

JEAN. (*under her breath*) Hell— (to ROLLO)

Now, look here Rollo—don't be unreasonable—you've got the child to amuse you—

ROLLO. (*choking back his sobs*) Ha—unreasonable—I suppose it's unreasonable to want to see something of my wife—unreasonable to ask some return for the freedom I gave up when I married you—but that's always the way—The man gives everything—the woman nothing—

JEAN. (*crossing thoughtfully to L. Turns, crossing half-way back R. Looking at ROLLO closely*) Rollo, are you sure you *have* given up everything so completely?

ROLLO. What do you mean?

JEAN. (*crossing further R. Looking fixedly at ROLLO*) I mean—(*pauses meaningly*) Florence—she's been coming here a good deal lately—

ROLLO. (*tossing his head defiantly*) Well, what of it?

JEAN. (*down to him*) Only this—Your name and hers have been connected too often—it's been going around the club that since she made her money—(*pauses—turns away*) But I won't repeat the rumors—

ROLLO. (*trying to conceal his agitation*) Why shouldn't you—unless you believe them—

JEAN. (*down to ROLLO. Looking into his eyes*) No—I don't believe them—but be careful, Rollo—everyone knows you cared for her once—(*crossing L.*)

ROLLO. Ha—a school boy fancy—but if it were true—if I still cared for her—why shouldn't I? It's a man's right to have a certain amount of attention—(*rising*) It's for you to be careful, Jean—not to drive me by your neglect—to the point where I must turn elsewhere for sympathy—(*turns away and seats himself*) That's all—

JEAN. (*crossing back of table. Extinguishing cigarette on stand on table*) It's useless your making a scene—(*angrily crossing back of table to*

chair r. of it—stands) We've been all over this before—

ROLLO. (*turns pleadingly to JEAN*) Your child hardly knows its mother, Jean—and—(*coquettishly*) tell me—have I lost my beauty? Am I less attractive now—than when you married me?

JEAN. (*bored. Stands r. of table*) No—of course not—why can't you understand that married life can't be one long honey-moon? I'm no different from other women—(*leans over table to ROLLO—patting cheek*) you're morbid—that's what the trouble is—

ROLLO. (*bitter sarcasm*) Morbid—well—why don't you go? Whatever happens don't be late for the club—

JEAN. (*irritably. Crossing up l. across front, to sofa, picks up coat*) Very well—(*opens door—pauses—over shoulder*) I'll try to be home early—but don't wait up for me—

(*Turns and exits l. ROLLO sits looking into space, then his eyes fall on the little garment and he buries his face in it. The door-bell, (off stage) rings l.*)

ROLLO. (*excited half-whisper*) Florence! (*chokes back sobs. Recovers with a defiant toss of head. Rises—goes to mirror, back c.*) FLORENCE knocks on door l. ROLLO hurriedly removes traces of his grief, arranges tie, smooths hair—FLORENCE knocks again) Come in! (FLORENCE opens door—stands revealed. FLORENCE is a handsome woman of about thirty, wearing evening dress—ROLLO, up c., starts at sight of her) Florence!

FLORENCE. (*coming in and rushing toward him from door*) Rollo! (ROLLO starts away from her, shrinks back toward chair l. of table) What's the matter?

ROLLO. You shouldn't have come.

FLORENCE. (*standing, in suspense at L.*) Why not?

ROLLO. (*in frightened gasps*) She has begun to suspect—

FLORENCE. Who—your wife?

ROLLO. (*nods*) Yes. (*sinks in chair L. of table*)

FLORENCE. (*starts. Annoyed rather than dismayed. Then resolutely*) Well—it had to come sooner or later— You're not happy—Rollo—

ROLLO. (*voice choked with emotion*) Oh, yes—yes, I am—quite, quite—happy—(*breaks down and sobs*)

FLORENCE. Oh, I know you say you are—but I can see—she neglects you—(*ROLLO looks at her in dumb assent*) and I've come to-night to tell you that things can't go on like this—

ROLLO. (*faintly*) Like—this?

FLORENCE. Yes—it was all a mistake—you should have married me—but of course I was poor—

ROLLO. (*turns to protest*) But—

FLORENCE. Oh—I'm not blaming you—a man must marry a woman who can make him comfortable—and if Jean had treated you well—I'd have taken my medicine like a woman—but she hasn't—and in spite of all our care—rumor has begun to connect our names—

ROLLO. (*broken and sobbing, face in hands*) That is why you mustn't come here any more—

FLORENCE. (*crossing to beside ROLLO's chair, L. of table*) And what will you do with your life? (*ROLLO bows head on table. FLORENCE crosses to behind his chair*) No—if rumor has begun to work—then the time has come to justify it—(*standing behind chair, puts arms around ROLLO's shoulders from back*) You know I love you dear—(*draws ROLLO into her arms*) There's never been any other man in my life— Why should we both

lose life's happiness because of a foolish mistake—

ROLLO. (*brokenly turning to FLORENCE*) Don't—don't tempt me—Florence—I'm not myself to-night—I'm all unstrung—I—I can't fight you. (*breaks away from embrace*) I ought to order you to leave my house after what you've said—

FLORENCE. (*standing back of ROLLO's chair*) But you won't, Rollo, you won't—and the reason is—(*draws ROLLO back into her arms*) that you know I'm right—

ROLLO. No—no you're wrong—(*breaking away from embrace*) but you're so strong—and I'm only a man—(*bows head in hands, miserably*)

FLORENCE. (*sits on arm of ROLLO's chair*) That's not it, dear—you love me—(*ROLLO attempts denial*) Yes, you do—and you're wasting your life trying to deny that love—but it won't be denied. It's nature calling upon us to right the wrong that has been done her—Come—(*rises and takes ROLLO's hand—helps him to feet—leads him to L.*) Come—let me take you away—we'll go to Italy until the fuss has blown over—

ROLLO. (*breaks away from her—over to chair r. of table*. FLORENCE is left standing thwarted near door L. 1) No—no—Oh—go please—please go—(*sinks in chair r. of table*)

FLORENCE. (*stares fixedly at ROLLO. Dramatically crosses back of table to ROLLO seated in chair r. of table. Seats herself on arm of chair*) When I go you'll come with me. (*ROLLO turns from her, lays head in hands on table*) You've never seen Venice—have you, dear?

ROLLO. (*rapturously*) Venice!

JEAN. Yes—we'll see it together—(*cheek to cheek*) and out there—in our gondola—with the lights and music around us—and the wavelets lapping underneath, we'll dream away these last dead years—until there's nothing left but the present—ourselves—and love—

ROLLO. (*closing his eyes in ecstasy*) Ah—it would be beautiful—but—(*leans away from FLORENCE'S arms*)

FLORENCE. And you've never known love—How could you when I had the key to your heart? But we'll unlock love's treasure chest—and read life's meaning—in each other's arms—

ROLLO. (*raising clasped hands pleadingly*) And you'll love me and protect me? (*leans head trustingly against FLORENCE*)

FLORENCE. (*tenderly, sweetly; caressing ROLLO's hair*) Always—always—(*half rising*) I'll shield you with my life—(*rises—holds ROLLO's hand*) Come, dear—come—(*leads ROLLO L. In passing*) table ROLLO's hand touches little garment. He stops. Stung to realization—agonized at parting. Shows garment to her. She turns away. He sinks into chair L. of table, to which he staggers. Buries head in hands in little garment, which he still retains. FLORENCE crosses to him. Takes garment gently away from under face. ROLLO gasps sob as she draws it out. FLORENCE crosses back of table and drops it on it. Back to ROLLO in chair) Come, dear—come—(*helps him to rise*) They take a few steps—pause—stand at arms length then, as if hypnotized, slowly fall into each other's arms. As they stand thus clasped—JEAN throws open the door L. 1, on the threshold, horrified. ROLLO sees her first. Breaks away from FLORENCE's arms)

FLORENCE. (*with back to JEAN, but realizing who it is*) Jean!

JEAN. (*about to strike—then controlling herself—in a tense, unnatural calm voice*) Well?

FLORENCE. (*controlling herself. Holding ROLLO's hand protectingly, as ROLLO crouches, in fear, beside chair L.*) There's nothing to be said—You see how it is.

JEAN. (*grimly*) Yes. I see. (*quietly*) I

trusted you, Florence—(FLORENCE *drops her eyes*) and I trusted *him*—

FLORENCE. Forgive my saying so, Jean—but a man needs more than trust— You could have prevented this—but now it's too late—

JEAN. Yes—it's too late—(*starting toward her*) Damn you—

ROLLO. (*throwing himself between*) Jean!

JEAN. (*throws him to the floor*) Don't touch me—(*takes step as if to strike him as he lies there*. Controlling herself. Standing over him) How long have you been her—her master? (ROLLO, *with a moan, grovels on the floor*)

FLORENCE. (*crossing to JEAN and stepping over ROLLO*) Don't blame him, Jean—I swear I never touched his lips till to-night. (JEAN *stares at her doubtfully*) Oh, I tried—but your neglect has finally done what my love alone—would have failed to do—(*to ROLLO on floor—half kneeling*) Come Rollo—

JEAN. (*throws FLORENCE away from ROLLO. Gets between her and ROLLO*) Yes—go with her—that shall be your punishment—go with her—I won't prevent you—soon your beauty will fade—and she'll tire of you—and then you'll begin to sink—and then the life of shame—(*voice lower and lower*) And then the river—(*pointing to floor*) now go—(*crossing front to right of table*)

(FLORENCE *crosses to coat, gets cigarette case from it, seats herself on arm of sofa; contemptuously listening, cigarette in hand.*)

ROLLO. (*bitterly. Half-crawling across floor to chair L. of table*) How easy it is to be just—with your woman's justice— You say I've broken my marriage vow—well, what of your own? You promised to love and protect me and you haven't done it—it's the old story—one law for the wo-

man—another for the man— Oh—I know what you'll say— Custom—always custom— One member of the household must be pure and spotless— Yes, but why must it be the *man*? Tell me that. Why must it be the man?

JEAN. (*turns to ROLLO. Stern contempt*) Civilization decrees it—and custom demands it— The laws of society were not made by you or me— They are stronger than we are—(*lifting two fingers on high*) because they are founded on wisdom and logic—

ROLLO. (*in broken passionate appeal*) Yes—but it's pretty hard on a man—who makes one false step—to be damned forever—cast out as a thing unclean—while you women—can go your own way—committing sin after sin—and no one thinks the worse of you—

JEAN. (*scoffing and bitter*) Ha—the usual paltry excuses—the cry of the Libertine forever seeking to justify his crime—I've told you—I'm through with you—now go—

(ROLLO rises pleadingly to JEAN, who stares, and points to door, unforgiving. ROLLO staggers blindly, sobbing, over to hat-rack, takes cap, suddenly remembers the child, looks to bedroom door R. 3, goes frantically across stage to JEAN standing, hard, at table.)

ROLLO. But our child—you'll let me see—

JEAN. (*extending arm, barring his way*) You are not fit— Go—

(ROLLO starts back as if struck—then, sobbing, goes to FLORENCE, waiting for him with extended hand. She leads him out—He goes off ahead of her—She pauses at door, turns head to JEAN, gives a contemptuous laugh, over shoulder, exits.)

JEAN. (*stands in front of table, staring at vacancy. Puts hand back of her to table. Touches little garment—starts—clutches it, staring at it in terrified misery*) Our child—my poor, little fatherless boy—what can I tell him—when he asks where his father is! For now—I shall never, never be sure—that Rollo was his father! (*stands sobbing, face buried in little garment*)

CURTAIN.

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 Cents.

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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammeled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
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The Return of

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious 'Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired.

Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

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